THE INDIAN:

A FARCE.

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

BY JOHN FENWICK.

LONDON:

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[Thomas Davison, White-Friars.]

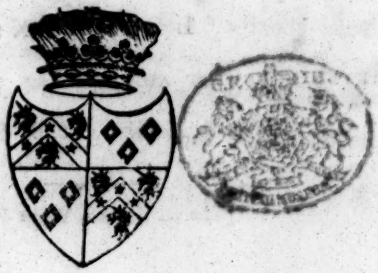
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIEGO	*Mr. Suett.*
Ferdinand	*Mr. Trueman.*
Itanoko	*Mr. C. Kemble.*
Michael	*Mr. Palmer.*
Sancho	*Mr. Wathen.*
Don Philip	*Mr. Sparks.*
L'Aiguille	*Mr. Wewitzer.*
Upholder	*Mr. Caulfield.*
Jew Pedlar	*Mr. Grimaldi.*
Monk	*Mr. Maddocks.*
Alguazil	*Mr. Webb.*

WOMEN.

Violetta	*Miss Mellon.*
First Savoyard	*Miss Arne.*
Second Savoyard	*Miss B. Menage.*
Third Savoyard	*Miss Menage.*

The Scene lies in Madrid.



PROLOGUE.

(Written by Dr. Houlton.)

WHEN roſe fair Learning to illume the mind,
Which lib'ral Nature gave all human kind,
Quick on the infant brain Perception's ray
Broke from the orb of ſcientific day—
With gradual force impreſs'd the lucid beam,
'Till age improv'd it to a Light ſupreme.

Such, EUROPE, was *thy* boaſt—while fainter ſhone
In *India*'s ſultry clime, the *mental Sun*—
And ſtill thy pride, with undiminiſh'd name,
In ſcience—arts—to boaſt unrivall'd fame.
But ſay, bright Europe, with thy knowledge great,
Do *morals—manners*—reign in equal ſtate?
Cannot a *ſimple Indian*, with leſs light,
Diſcern, with ſhrewdneſs, moral wrong, or right—
Diſtinguiſh vain parade from ſterling ſenſe,
And paint unſullied Nature's influence—
With pureſt flame acknowledge Love's ſweet dart,
And only ſpeak the language of his heart?

Some genuine ſamples we'll, this night, preſent ye,
Of *artleſs Man*—and hope that they 'll content ye.
Untutor'd in the ways of *poliſh'd life*,
And ign'rant quite t' obtain a *Smithfield wife*,
Our author lands him, from th' Atlantic main,
Not in *gay England*—but in *ſolemn Spain*:

Our manners—and our *Faſhions*, he 'll not ſee,
T' excite his ſimple ſtrokes of pleaſantry;
Some honeſt truths he'll bluntly ſpeak—what then!
They 'll hit none of *our toniſh* Gentlemen!
Our pucker-ſhoulder'd *beaux* will 'ſcape his laugh—
And *German boots* ſecure adorn their calf:
Our *Belles* he 'd like—ſo lovely—*airy*—chaſte—
Tranſp rent dreſſes are the *Indian taſte!*
Admire their ſmart ſnug *wigs*, in ſplendid ſhops—
For *Indian ladies* nat'rally are *Crops!*

A thouſand ſights, in ſhort, would pleaſe him *here*—
And thouſands, by the bye, would *make him ſtare*—
But, *entre nous*, it might be ſafe, I ween,
This Indian ſhould in Spain do *quarantine*;
For ſhould he come, ere this, to vent his paſſion—
Zounds! he might prove a *plague* to all our *faſhion!*
Yet, as a ſtranger to our happy land,
Aid the poor Indian from YOUR gen'rous hand!

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Some Perſons have objected to the Principles *and* Morality *of the* Indian; *and the Author now ſubmits them, with the moſt ſincere Pleaſure, to the Judgment of the Reader.*

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ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in DIEGO's *Houſe.*

(Enter MICHAEL *and* SANCHO *meeting.)*

SAN.

MICHAEL! I thought my maſter had ſent you to twenty different places.

MIC.

My excellent Sancho, you forget that you are no longer at your factory in America, but in a civilized country; you muſt learn a little of our way in Madrid, where ſervants of your rank and mine never do any thing.

SAN.

You jeſt!

Our manners—and our *Faſhions*, he 'll not ſee,
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SAN.

You jeſt!

MIC.

I am very grave: we divide our labour into two parts—but not equal parts—the larger ſhare we leave undone, and do the reſt by proxy.

SAN.

That's a very pleaſant method of doing buſineſs.

MIC.

It is uſed by all perſons in high employments.

SAN.

Yet, I can tell you, our maſter imagines his happineſs very much concerned in the execution of ſome of the commands he gave you.

MIC.

O! they are all alike ridiculous! He gave me a letter to deliver, with my own hands, to the miniſter's favourite ſecretary, in which he aſks for a troop of dragoons for his ſon, and he is actually ignorant enough to expect the ſecretary will ſend a confidential perſon here to negociate the affair. He ordered me to procure the beſt taylor in Madrid, to meaſure his ſon for the horſe uniform; and a dancing maſter, and other maſters, to accompliſh him for his poſt. The letter to the ſecretary ſleeps ſoundly in my pocket; but L'Aiguille, the French taylor, being my friend, I have ſent for him, knowing that Diego will ſet him to work on ſomething.

DIEGO *(without)*.

Sancho! Sancho! *(Enter* DIEGO.) Sancho, the carpenters are not come.—Michael! returned already! you are the cleverest fellow in Madrid, as the upholder, who sold me this house, told me, when he recommended you. Where's the answer to my letter?

MIC.

I went, sir, with all the speed of a two-legged intelligent animal, to the secretary's hotel; but there all my alacrity was damped by a fat porter, who stood in the half-opening of a folding door as tranquilly as if he had been part of the carpenter's work—just so *(putting his hand behind him)*—while I eloquently importuned him to let me pass.

DIEGO.

Well! well!

MIC.

I so far touched his heart at last, that he, throwing open the whole door, clapped his hand upon my mouth *(puts his hand upon* DIEGO*'s mouth)*—

DIEGO.

Ah! ah! ah! you've suffocated me, villain!

MIC.

I beg pardon, sir—And roared out, A fee! a fee! a fee! *(following* DIEGO *round the stage)* No fee, no audience!—no fee, no entrance!—a fee! a fee! a fee!

SAN. *(aſide).*

Mercy upon us!

DIEGO *(gives* MICHAEL *money)*

Here, give the raſcal his fee!—run back with my letter! Give the raſcal a fee! *(puts* MICHAEL *out)*. Sancho, the carpenters are not come; run and bring them.

(Re-enter MICHAEL *in haſte)*.

MIC.

Sir, I forgot—there will be the ſecretary's gentleman to compliment.

DIEGO.

Well, ſatisfy him! *(gives money)*.

MIC.

But, firſt, there will be the gentleman's valet.

DIEGO.

Well, ſatisfy him too *(gives more money)*.

MIC.

And, ſir, there will be a footman to carry the meſſage to the valet.

DIEGO.

Satisfy them all! *(gives more money, and puſhes* MICHAEL *out)*. Why are you not gone for the carpenters? *(to* SANCHO).

SAN.

Sir, I have been, but——

DIEGO.

What! you did not meet with a gentleman's gentleman at the carpenter's?

SAN.

No, ſir *(bowing archly)*; but they can't come till to-morrow.

DIEGO.

To-morrow!—Of what uſe is my fortune, if I am to be told of to-morrow, when I want a thing done to-day! Sancho, you have not to learn that the fortune I made in America is immenſe.

SAN.

No, ſir, I hear you ſpeak of it every day.

DIEGO.

But, Sancho, money will not always purchaſe reſpect.

SAN.

True, ſir.

DIEGO.

I muſt aggrandize my family. As ſoon as my ſon has fairly got his dragoon's uniform on his back, I intend to make propoſals to certain noble houſes in his behalf. I have no one beſide to care for.

SAN.

Yes, ſir, the poor Itanoko. His mother was your own ſiſter, although married to an Indian; and I am ſure, ſir, he deſerves to be loved.

DIEGO.

What can I do with him, Sancho? He is ſo extremely ignorant!—Oh, I am aſhamed of him!

ITANOKO *(without).*

I ſay, my uncle is at home! Michael told me ſo as I entered.

DIEGO.

There! There he is! And that's a ſpecimen of his ſavage notions! He thinks a man can't be from home, unleſs he is on the outſide of his houſe.

ITAN. *(without).*

Come with me, my poor friend, you ſhall ſee my uncle.

SERVANT *(without).*

Sir, I tell you my maſter is not at home!

ITAN. *(without).*

Stand aſide, unhappy man, that dare utter a falſhood! *(entering, leading in a man, meanly but decently dreſſed).* Uncle, one of thoſe men you keep to tell lies at your door——

DIEGO.

Lies! I hope none of my raſcals tell lies. The firſt I catch telling a lie, I'll turn out of my houſe.

ITAN.

They ſay you are not at home, when you are.

DIEGO.

Oh! that's not a lie! Nobody in this country is at home to unwelcome viſitors—But what does this man want?

ITAN.

Ah uncle, this man is your friend! Reſpect him for the honour he does you! Thank him for the benefit he confers on you! He is in diſtreſs, and has choſen you to relieve his wants.

DIEGO.

He is too generous by half! But, ſir—— *(to the poor man)*

SAN. *(who has been talking apart to the man from his entrance).*

Itanoko is right. This poor man has been unfortunate.

DIEGO.

But what are his claims on me?

SAN.

He has had dealings with you in trade, ſir. His ſtory is eaſily ſifted——

DIEGO.

Well! I conſent to help him a little, if he deſerves it. There—take him away.

ITAN.

Come, worthy man; I'll make ſome of thoſe lazy people in the hall ſerve up a good meal to you; and afterwards my uncle will relieve all your wants. *(Exit, leading out the poor man.)*

DIEGO.

Damme! but this ignorant Indian will ruin me by his benefactions!

SAN.

Dear maſter, ſay, rather, he employs your wealth in an uſury that has the approbation of every honeſt heart.

(Re-enter ITANOKO.)

ITAN.

Uncle, you have made four perſons happy this morning.

DIEGO.

Four! Where are they all?

ITAN.

That poor man; yourſelf; and Sancho; and me.

SAN. *(ſhaking hands with* ITANOKO).

Thank you, Itanoko, for doing me ſo much juſtice!

DIEGO.

Phoo! phoo!—Tell me, how have you and my ſon Ferdinand diſpoſed of yourſelves, that I have ſeen neither of you before this morning?

ITAN.

I roſe with the ſun, and ran into the ſtreets; but there I found as complete a deſert as if the morning air were hurtful.

DIEGO.

And ſo it is.—The morning air is too thin for European ſtomachs, till it is mixed with a little wholeſome ſmoke.

ITAN.

I took my gun, and ran into the country.

DIEGO.

Gun! You muſt know, youngſter, you are not to ſhoot here at your pleaſure, as you did in your native woods.

ITAN.

So I find; and I narrowly eſcaped being hanged or ſhot, in receiving the leſſon.

DIEGO.

I dare ſay.—But let us hear.

ITAN.

I could find no game; till coming ſuddenly to the brow of a hill, I ſaw a number of deer.

DIEGO.

You didn't ſhoot any of the deer, I hope!

ITAN.

Yes, I did. But when I had killed two of 'em, ſome men came running to me with expreſſions of the moſt violent rage. I ſtood ſtill to know the cauſe; and they attempted to ſeize me, to hang me, they ſaid, for ſhooting the deer.

SAN.

Poor Itanoko!

ITAN.

I ſoon ſhook them off; and ran away, to avoid the trouble of a ſecond ſtruggle; when one of them having a gun, fired at me; but he was a clumſy fellow, and miſſed me.

DIEGO.

I know you'll be ſhot, if you are not hanged, in leſs than a week. But where have you been ſince?

ITAN.

On my return, I found Ferdinand riſen.—We went into the ſtreets—We ran here and there!—We ſpoke to every body! Ah, uncle, what beautiful women you have in this country!

DIEGO.

Women! Oh dear!—I hope you have not ſeen any beautiful women?

ITAN.

We ſaw two. Ferdinand called them angels. Yes, angels: that was the name of their tribe.

DIEGO.

Angels! You fell in love with one of them, I ſuppoſe?

ITAN.

Almoſt.

DIEGO.

And Ferdinand?—

ITAN.

Will marry the other.

DIEGO.

Marry!—Oh dear! Where is Ferdinand? What will become of my noble alliances!

ITAN.

He is gone in ſearch of Michael, to beg his aſſiſtance in the affair.

DIEGO.

Sancho!—But, my dear nephew, my beſt boy, my ſweet Itanoko, tell me———Phoo! phoo! this youth is too ignorant. Follow me, Sancho!

[*Exit* DIEGO.

SAN.

Farewel, Itanoko. [*Exit* SANCHO.

ITAN.

Farewel!—Yes, I am ignorant! That is my only misfortune.

Enter VIOLETTA.

VIOLETTA *(aſide)*.

There he is. Heigho! He has made one conqueſt in Europe already.

ITAN.

Ah! What are you?

VIOL. *(curtſying)*.

A woman.

ITAN.

An angel!—She's one of the tribe. Let me kiſs you *(offers to kiſs her)*.

VIOL.

Oh fie! *(refuſing him)*.

ITAN.

I love you.

VIOL.

Do you know what love is?

ITAN.

Oh yes!—It is, to ſee only one object in the

whole world; to be happy with her; to be miſerable without her.

VIOL.

Aye, that is love; but of ſuch a kind as will not endure. By and bye you will begin to look on other objects a little; to be a little happy without your miſtreſs; and a little miſerable with her.—You muſt love more wiſely. But am I the firſt European whom you have loved?

ITAN.

N—n—no!

VIOL.

Heſitating! Oh charming! The next thing is to conceal your thoughts; and the next, to utter words foreign to them. You have made ſome progreſs, I ſee, in the moſt uſeful of the European arts! Farewel!

ITAN.

Stay!

VIOL.

Ha! ha! ha!—Stay! *(imitating him)*—What a ſorrowful tone! *(going)*.

ITAN.

Ah!

(VIOLETTA *returns.)*

ITAN.

Are you ſo kind as to return?

VIOL.

I was going that way: but you made me forget the room I was ſent to.

ITAN.

Shall I ſee you again?

VIOL.

Yes;—I am come to live here.—I am a poor relation of your uncle.—Farewel, couſin.

[*Exit* VIOLETTA.

ITAN.

Couſin!—Ah, that's a ſweet word!

[*Exit* ITANOKO.

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter FERDINAND *and* MICHAEL.

FERDINAND.

Say no more, Michael; ſay no more:—I ſwear I will marry her before night.

MIC.

The thing is not impracticable. I have told you, I have a friar at my beck.

FERD.

But, my dear Michael, you muſt provide for Olivia's immediate elopement. If you ſuffer this day to eſcape, the next may be too late. And where ſhall I place Olivia till the ceremony is performed?

MICH.

Place her---place her---Here; in your father's houſe.

FERD.

How!

MIC.

What place ſo decorous? Prepare her for the elopement, and leave the reſt to me. Away!

[*Exit* FERD.

Enter ITANOKO, *with a quick ſtep and animated geſticulation.*

ITAN.

Ha! ha! ha! *(Pauſes, and then walks quickly acroſs the ſtage.)* Ha! ha! ha! *(Pauſes again.)* Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit oppoſite ſide.*

MIC.

It would be buying pleaſure too cheaply to give a thouſand pounds for the ſenſations of this ſavage.

Re-enter ITANOKO.

ITAN.

I'll go back and reaſon with him.

MIC.

Reaſon with whom, Itanoko?

ITAN.

With a fop. An old woman told me the name of his tribe; and informed me that they were helpleſs creatures, who can do nothing for themſelves.

MIC.

Your old woman gave you a very accurate definition of a fop.

ITAN.

Seeing the poor fellow embarraſſed with a little gutter that ran down the middle of a ſtreet, I

took him up in my arms and lifted him over: when I put him down he flew in a paſſion, and drew his ſword upon me.—But I ſet the matter right again: I took him in my arms, and placed him where I found him.

MIC.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—But what do you think of this country, Itanoko?

ITAN.

I do not know.

MIC.

Come! come! you will not own the truth! —You find us elegant and amiable? *(affectedly)*. Confeſs now, that I walk with grace! *(walking)*.

ITAN.

I am ſurprized that you walk at all. You do not begin as if you deſigned to go forward.

MIC.

How!

ITAN.

You take your firſt ſtep, as if you meant to go to the right; and your ſecond, as if you were going to the left; and you bring your heels together, as if it were convenient to walk with them foremoſt. *(Walking and turning out his toes in an extravagant manner.)*

MIC.

This is rank prejudice! Zounds! we torture our children to make them acquire this manner.

ITAN.

Ha! ha! ha!—Then your heads. You carry your head *(imitating a ſtiff carriage of the head)* as if nature had unkindly made your necks of iron, and denied you the delightful capacity of ſeeing a thouſand objects with a glance.

MIC.

I abandon the defence of our carriage to the danoing maſter. But—

ITAN.

You make ſuch groteſque figures of your bodies by intemperance, as would provoke my laughter if it did not call forth my pity. When I ſee a boy of eight years old in this country, I aſk myſelf Is it poſſible, that airy form ſhould grow into a diſproportioned lump? thoſe ſpeaking features, a level maſs of fleſh? and that flexible colour, a hard unvarying hue?

MIC.

You are incorrigible, I ſee, in matters of taſte. But—but the—the—Zounds! there muſt be ſome advantage in civilization!

ITAN.

Yes; your knowledge—ah! your knowledge ſwells my poor heart!

MIC.

I thank you for the hint—I had it on my lips.

Then, our benevolence and brotherly love!—I have you at laſt! Why, there are people in this country, whoſe ſole buſineſs it is to gratify the wiſhes, and ſupply the wants, of others.

ITAN.

Indeed! I began to think you ſelfiſh.

MIC.

Oh, by no means!—Don't you ſee the man who reclines on a ſopha is never the man that makes it. —Good bye, Itanoko. I will give you another leſſon after dinner. [*Exit* MICHAEL.

(*Enter* JEW PEDLAR.)

JEW.

Vil you be pleaſe, ſhur, to look at my trinkets?

ITAN.

Eh!

JEW.

I hope you will be ſo good, ſhur, as to take ſomething.

ITAN.

Ah! I underſtand. You are one of thoſe who make it their happineſs to ſupply the wants of others.

JEW

Dat iſh my profeſſion, ſhur.

ITAN.

Let me embrace you! *(embraces him)*. Tell me, what is the name of your tribe?

JEW.

I am a Jew, ſhur!

ITAN.

A Jew:—I will commit the name to my memory; that, when I meet an honeſt man, I may know what to call him.—I will take this trinket to oblige you. *(Takes a ring, and puts it on his finger; and a pocket looking-glaſs, which he flings round his neck.)*

JEW.

Tank you, ſhur; dat ring coſt me more a twenty dollars; but I ſhall aſk only ſixteen.—(ITANOKO *ſtands looking in the glaſs.)* I vill tank you for my money, ſhur.

ITAN.

Money! I have no money.

JEW.

No monies! Vat you mean? No monies! Give me my Goods! *(Tries to ſeize* ITANOKO.)

ITAN.

What are you angry at?—You offered me your goods in pure friendſhip—I took this ring to pleaſe you; and now forſooth you put yourſelf into a paſſion!—Is it poſſible you are the amiable man you repreſented yourſelf to be?

JEW.

Vat you talk of amiable!—I was as amiable as poſſible. But I vil have my goods—If you don't return my goods, I vil thump you!

ITAN.

Hold there!—If you don't get off the ground I'll knock your brains out. *(Strikes him.)*

JEW.

Thieves!—Murder!—I vil have my goods! *(Tries to ſeize him.)*

ITAN.

Oh, if you reſort to force! *(beats the Jew, who runs out;—as he runs off,* ITANOKO *ſeizes him by his wig, which is left in his hand).* Ah! what is this? *(examining the wig).* Why, this is the hair, I proteſt, of ſome other animal.—What a ſtrange people! *(Throws away the wig.)* They are never what they appear to be; their hearts, their heads—even the very hair on their heads—are all artificial. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Library in* DIEGO's *Houſe.*

Enter DIEGO *and* UPHOLDER.

DIEG.

Fitted up the library already, you ſay! I do love diſpatch, my good Mr. Upholſterer.—But let me ſee how you have managed theſe books.—Eh! they are very prettily put together, I declare.

UPH.

Sir, we have many taſtes to pleaſe. But when left to ourſelves, we ſtudiouſly ſearch for thoſe graces, which are never found, but in that rare aſſortment of varieties, whoſe union forms the completeſt harmony.

DIEG.

I underſtand.

UPH.

We have four principal methods of claſſing books. The firſt is dictated by the reſpective excellencies of the writers; and that preſuppoſes a knowledge of the inſide of books.

DIEG. *(impatiently).*

Well! I underſtand! I underſtand!—But the ſecond method?

UPH.

The ſecond mode of arranging books is, according to the matter they treat of; the third, according to the tongue in which they are written; and the laſt, according to their ſize and bindings.

DIEGO.

I am glad you found your way to the laſt; becauſe it is by far the beſt.

UPH.

It is always preferred by perſons of judgment. And, ſir, anticipating your taſte, I have formed a library with which you may challenge the univerſe, for the refinement of its effect.

(Enter ITANOKO.)

ITAN.

Ah! *(looking round with extreme pleaſure)*—what a delightful room! I wonder no poet ever feigned the paradiſe of an infinite library! *(going round the room).*

DIEGO.

What! (ITANOKO *offers to take down a book*)—What are you doing?—you'll ſoil my bindings!

ITAN.

Bindings!

DIEGO.

Yes, bindings; is there no way to make you underſtand the value of things?

ITAN.

I underſtand the meaning of the word; but it is that which excites my aſtoniſhment.—The bindings are things to pleaſe the eye—in the books is matter to content the heart! There is not an Indian of my whole tribe ſo ignorant as to make the choice you do between theſe two kinds of pleaſure.—Ah, uncle, I pity your folly.

DIEGO.

Much obliged to you upon my ſoul—but you ſhan't ſpoil my bindings.

ITAN.

If you wiſh to preſerve your bindings, bind up blank paper; and leave me to the enjoyment of your books. *(Sits at a table and reads).*

DIEGO.

Bind up blank paper!—*(to the Upholder)*—Mr. Upholster, that wouldn't be a bad plan—Mr. ——, it would ſave the expence of authors and printers, and other uſeleſs people.

UPH.

Why, ſir, we ſometimes make libraries, and ſave even the paper.

DIEGO.

How do you do that?

UPH.

We make them of wood.

DIEGO.

And a very pretty plan it is—*(To* ITANOKO*)* Hold! hold!—Ah, my bindings! *(runs to* ITANOKO, *and drags him from the books).*—Mr. ——, I'll have covers made to ſave my bindings.

UPH.

I have furniſhed a whole library with covers, made of printed linens of various patterns, according to the humours of the ſeveral authors; diſmal or gay, gaudy or chaſte, grand or minute.

DIEGO.

I don't fancy linen! I'll have Morocco, green, red, yellow, and ſo forth.

UPH.

Morocco covers! That's an illuſtrious idea!—I'll make a minute of it for uſe—*(writing in a pocket-book).* This is my practice, ſir, I never diſdain to be indebted to the conceptions of a ſuperior genius, though he moves out of my line.

DIEGO.

That's very prettily ſaid indeed! and I'll note that for my uſe! I'll teach you to make fine rooms; and you ſhall teach me to make fine ſpeeches.

UPH.

You have that art from nature, ſir! *(bowing)*.

DIEGO.

I have a little knack or ſo. *(Seeing* ITANOKO, *who is taking down a book)*—Oh dear! that ignorant creature will ruin my library! *(Drags him from the books.)*

UPH.

Excuſe me, ſir; I hear the men at work—I muſt attend to the decorations of the drawing-room.

DIEGO.

And I muſt have a peep at them.—Come along youngſter; I dar'n't leave you with my books.

ITAN.

With your bindings, you mean.

DIEGO.

He! he! he!—That's a good jeſt! But come along, you ſhan't joke me out of my bindings.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

(*A Room in* DIEGO's *Houſe.*)

Scene draws and diſcovers ITANOKO, *and* VIOLETTA.

VIOLETTA.

VERY well! But now you muſt pay me ſome fine compliments.

ITANOKO.

What are they?

VIOL.

Things ſpoken in my praſe that you do not believe yourſelf, and that no one elſe will believe.

ITAN.

Ha! ha! ha!

VIOL.

Come come, what do you ſay in my praiſe?

ITAN.

That you are the loveliest being in creation!

VIOL.

That is handſome indeed.

ITAN.

Aye, but it is not a compliment, for it is true.

VIOL.

Upon my word, young Savage, you are an apt ſcholar!—But you muſt ſacrifice your taſte to my judgment. You muſt throw aſide that abominable tomahawk; you muſt get a European dreſs; you muſt powder your hair.

ITAN.

Powder my hair! That will ſpoil my face.

VIOL.

Oh fie, you don't admire your face.

ITAN.

Oh yes! I love my face! *(looks in the glaſs)*.

VIOL.

Oh ſhocking! You muſt not ſay ſo.

ITAN.

Why not? Theſe features ſpeak my honeſt thoughts; and I feel as if I had gained a friend in acquiring this glaſs.—Sweet invention! *(kiſſes the glaſs)*. Ah, knowledge, though art a true enchanter!

VIOL.

(Aside) Exquiſite ſimplicity!—*(Aloud)* Well, you have done a little to oblige me; but there are a thouſand things for you to do yet.

ITAN.

What are they?

VIOL.

You muſt be a gentleman for my ſake; I have a natural inclination to be a lady. You muſt go to the Herald's office, and purchaſe a coat of arms.

ITAN.

A coat of arms?

VIOL.

Yes, arms are emblems, to ſhew from whom you are deſcended; and you muſt be deſcended from a line of heroes.

ITAN.

You know my deſcent. My father was an Indian who hunted for his family; or fought for his country, when ſhe had enemies; as all his race did before him. My mother was a European; but what her forefathers did, I do not know.

VIOL.

You muſt make them do what they ought to

VIOL.

Things ſpoken in my praſe that you do not believe yourſelf, and that no one elſe will believe.

ITAN.

Ha! ha! ha!

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ITAN.

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ITAN.

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VIOL.

You muſt make them do what they ought to

have done. The Herald's office will grant them any fame you pleaſe.

ITAN.

Ha! ha! ha! The Herald's office can't recal the paſt.

VIOL.

It can cauſe you to be deſcended from Hercules; or, if not, it can give you the privilege of ſaying ſo.

ITAN.

And will people believe me?

VIOL.

No; I can't ſay that.—But no matter. You will believe it yourſelf in leſs than a twelvemonth. Then you muſt ſelect a motto.

ITAN.

A motto?

VIOL.

Yes;—to expreſs the virtue by which your anceſtry is diſtinguiſhed; but which may be as remote as you pleaſe, from any deed they ever performed.

ITAN.

Ha! ha! ha!—Well. You ſee how patiently love makes me liſten to you; and vouchſafe me one word in return—Do you love me?

VIOL.

Oh fie! You muſt learn the European mode of making love.

ITAN.

I will learn any thing you pleaſe; but in the mean time, let me make love in the only way I know. *(Snatches* VIOLETTA *up in his arms, and kiſſes her with violence.)*

VIOL.

Ah! ah! ah! Help! help! help!

Enter FERDINAND.

FER.

Itanoko!

VIOL.

(*Aside*) On my conſcience, I think Ferdinand did not come a moment too ſoon, if I may judge by the briſkneſs of the Indian's attack.

FER.

(*Looking at Violetta*) Why, my dear Itanoko, you muſt not ſeize a woman with violence in this country.

ITAN.

I uſed no violence.

FER.

What occaſioned Violetta's cries?

ITAN.

Oh the women of my native foreſts cry out in the ſame manner; but we know it is not from anger.

FER.

Violetta, ſhall I teach Itanoko to make love more politely?

VIOL.

Don't trouble yourſelf, Ferdinand.—To ſay the truth, he has a very pretty manner of his own.

[*Exit.*

FER.

I am glad ſhe is gone. I have an affair of honour on my hands; and I want you to be my ſecond.

ITAN.

Second? What is that?

FER.

I have a rival, you know; and he very nearly fruſtrated my ſcheme for carrying off Olivia.—But he ſhall repent his temerity. I have ſworn to kill him, or fall myſelf.

ITAN.

That is a fooliſh reſolution. But if you will kill your rival, why ſhould I go with you? He is no more than one.

FER.

You are to ſee juſtice done me.

ITAN.

Juſtice!—You kill your antagoniſt, or he kills you. What has juſtice to do with that?

FER.

When we fight in this country, we go through the whole affair according to eſtabliſhed regulations.

ITAN.

Then the laws direct the manner of conducting your quarrels.

FER.

Abſurd! The laws prohibit fighting.

ITAN.

How's this? You talk of fighting according to laws; and yet of being forbid by the laws, to fight!

FER.

Let me explain this to you. The public laws are made for every body.

ITAN.

That is juſt.

FERD.

But gentlemen, beſide the public laws, have a particular code of their own.

ITAN.

That contradicts what you ſaid at firſt. But, at leaſt, let me underſtand what is your practice. Gentlemen may fight—but poor men muſt not. Is that ſo?

FERD.

Yes.

ITAN.

Ha! ha! ha! That is the moſt ridiculous thing I have heard ſince I came to Europe!

FERD.

Will you go with me?

ITAN.

Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—

FERD.

Sir, I ſhall do without your aid. [*Exit* FERD.

ITAN.

What is this! I ſhould not have ſuffered Ferdinand to depart in this unhappy temper—He ſpoke of doing wrong deliberately! I'll follow and ſave him from the misfortune of committing a crime. [*Exit* ITAN.

ITAN.

Second? What is that?

FER.

I have a rival, you know; and he very nearly frustrated my scheme for carrying off Olivia.—But he shall repent his temerity. I have sworn to kill him, or fall myself.

ITAN.

That is a foolish resolution. But if you will kill your rival, why should I go with you? He is no more than one.

FER.

You are to see justice done me.

ITAN.

Justice!—You kill your antagonist, or he kills you. What has justice to do with that?

FER.

When we fight in this country, we go through the whole affair according to established regulations.

ITAN.

Then the laws direct the manner of conducting your quarrels.

FER.

Absurd! The laws prohibit fighting.

ITAN.

How's this? You talk of fighting according to laws; and yet of being forbid by the laws, to fight!

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SCENE III.—*A Room in* DIEGO'S *Houſe.*

Enter DIEGO *and* SANCHO.

SAN.

Then, Sir, Michael has promiſed to turn your ſon aſide from this marriage?

DIEGO.

Yes; and my ſon, you know, is ſilly enough to confide in Michael: but Michael will be faithful only to me.

SAN. (*aſide.*)

He who is reſolved to be deceived, is more than a match for the obſtinacy that would convince him.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV.

Sir, there is a perſon below who ſays he was deſired to wait upon you.

DIEGO.

A perſon! A perſonage you mean?—'tis ſome gentleman in the ſecretary's confidence! What kind of a perſonage is the gentleman?

SERV.

A French gentleman, Sir.

DIEGO.

Oh, a foreign clerk of the ſecretary.—Show the gentleman into my ſtudy. (*Exit Servant.*) Sancho, I'll match myſelf with any man in Spain for writing a letter! You ſee, I have got a troop

of dragoons for my ſon, with a few flouriſhes of the pen!—Now for the ſecretary's foreign clerk! [*Exit.*

SAN.

This can't be a meſſage from the ſecretary; for the letter he boaſts of is ſtill in Michael's pocket. I ſuppoſe it is ſome of Michael's dependents come for employment. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—DIEGO's *Study.*

(L'AIGUILLE *diſcovered walking about the Room*).

L'AIG.

Aha! Aha! my good friend Michael tell me to come here, to de gran merchant, for make de dragoon regimental for de young genteeman his ſon. Aha! I write dat down upon my tablet, dat my generation aftair me may know vhat de Frenchman do for de Spaniſh nation! (*writes*) Ah! monſieur L'Aiguille! it muſt be acknowledge, dat you are von gran tailor! But I loſe my time. And de time of von tailor be von gran affair!

Enter DIEGO.

DIEGO.

Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant. (*bowing ceremonioufly*). You do buſineſs for the ſecretary, I preſume?

L'AIG.

Yes, Sair.—(*Aſide*) I alvay acknowledge de great man for my cuſtomer.

DIEG. *(aſide.)*

My ſon's dragoons are on the march!—*(Aloud)* Do me the honour to be ſeated. *(Preſenting a chair, they ſit, but* L'AIGUILLE *with great reluctance and reſpect.)* I hope you have not waited long.

L'AIG. *(riſing.)*

Oh, Sair, it be my moſt gran plaiſir to vait!

DIEGO *(riſing and bowing.)*

Sir!

L'AIG. *(bowing.)*

Sair!

DIEGO *(aſide.)*

They get ſuch formal habits in tranſacting ſtate affairs!—*(Aloud)* Pray Sir—Pray Sir—What are they doing at court?

L'AIG.

Sair, I be alvay ignorant—I no talk of de poleeteek.

DIEGO.

Theſe great men are always ſo cloſe—*(aſide)*. *(Aloud)* To the point then at once, my dear friend!—Will you do my buſineſs for me?

L'AIG.

Vid great many tanks, Sair, for de honour.

DIEGO.

Why, my boy is a very fine boy, and will do honour to your cloth.—But will you diſpatch this affair for me?

L'AIG.

Ah! deeſpatch! deeſpatch!—dat make my

gran caractair!—I deſpatch my toilette ven I riſe—Aftair I deſpatch my leetel breakfat—Aftair, I take de meaſure of de church, de army, and de qualite?

DIEGO *(aſide.)*.

Yes; the court knows how to take meaſure of us all!

L'AIG.

Aftair, I take my leetel diné; aftair I take my leetel ſleep, in my gran chair, vid de elbow; aftair, my coffeé; aftair, my leetel ſoupé;—and aftair, I deeſpatch my plaiſir.

DIEGO.

Sir!

L'AIG.

Sair, dat be all.

DIEGO.

Well, Sir—We'll now proceed, if you pleaſe, with this buſineſs.

L'AIG.

Oui, ſair; if de young jenteeman vas here.

DIEGO.

Oh, we can proceed without my ſon.

L'AIG.

No, ſair.—(*Aſide*) He aſk me make de regimental vidout de meaſure!—

DIEGO.

If you muſt ſee my ſon—but—damn it!—he is a very fine boy!—he is a brave and noble boy!

L'AIG.

Sair, de caractier be no my affaire.

DIEGO *(aſide.)*

Such diſregard of character I never ſaw!—*(Aloud)* Well, Sir—I hope my ſon's noble qualities will not make him leſs acceptable to you.

L'AIG.

No, ſair—(*bowing*). Dey give me gran plaiſir.

DIEGO.

Then let us proceed, if you pleaſe.

L'AIG.

Vidout ſee de young jenteeman?

DIEGO.

You will not do me the favour to wave that point for the preſent?

L'AIG. (*timidly.*)

I will do any ting, ſair—I vil not aſk once more for the young jenteeman, as you tink it be not neceſſaire. I vil take all de ſtep by deſcription, though I never do dat before—if you vil deſcribe de young jenteeman.

DIEGO.

Eh!

L'AIG.

His tallneſs, ſair—his breadt—de tickneſs of his arm.

DIEGO.

Sir!—Did you come here, ſir, to affront me?

L'AIG. *(riſing and bowing.)*

No, ſair!—But I muſt ave de tallneſs; and de breadt; and de tickneſs of de arm.—I can take no ſtep vidout——

DIEGO *(riſing.)*

Damn me, if you ſhall take any ſteps with me or my ſon, if a dragoon's coat never comes upon his back!—Diſregard character, and inſiſt upon the thickneſs of a man's arm!

L'AIG. *(aſide.)*

Diable!—*(Aloud)* Sair! *(bowing very obſequiouſly)*

DIEGO *(aſide.)*

I am to blame.—*(Aloud)* Sir! *(leading* L'AIGUILLE *to his chair, and forcing him into it, and ſeating himſelf)* You ſhall ſee my ſon;—but, mean while, can we do nothing?

L'AIG. *(with great alacrity.)*

Oui, ſair! if you pleaſe.—I vil look at de pattern of de uniform dat de young jenteeman ſhall ave.

DIEGO *(riſing.)*

Look at the uniform!

L'AIG. *(riſing and bowing.)*

Oui, ſair.

DIEGO (*aſide.*)

A pretty employment for a ſtateſman!—*(Aloud)* Very well, Sir—you ſhall ſee the uniform when it is made. I have ſent for a tailor.

L'A G.

Von tailor!

DIEGO.

Yes! yes! I tell you!

L'AIG.

Von tailor!

DIEGO.

Zounds! how many would you have?—*(runs to the bell and rings it violently.)* You ſhall have ten, twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred!—Damme! You ſhall have all the tailors in Madrid!

L'AIG.

Madrid! Madrid!—Sair! monſieur L'Aiguille is the moſt gran tailor in Europe.

DIEGO.

Who?

L'AIG.

Monſieur L'Aiguille;—myſelf, ſair!

DIEGO.

And are you a tailor?

L'AIG.

Oui, ſair *(bowing)*.

DIEGO.

Damnation! Have I been bowing and ſcraping to a tailor? Get out of my houſe, you—you—you leſs than a man—out of my houſe!

[*Exit, driving* L'AIGUILLE *out.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter MICHAEL, *arm in-arm with a Monk, running and dragging him on.*

MICH.

Come along, friar! come along!

MONK.

Hold! hold! I'm out of breath! You make me run too faſt.

MICH.

Run! Zounds! I can't drag you into a walk.

MONK

I'm out of breath. Go on your own pace; and I'll follow you to Diego's houſe.

MICH.

I want your aid, friar, to marry a young couple.

MONK.

Well, I am ready and willing.

MICH.

But I'll not leave you till I ſee you engaged with a paſty and a flaſk of wine in the buttery; then I am ſure to find you either eating or drinking, or faſt aſleep with indigeſtion.—A prieſt in a buttery is as ſafe as a thief in a mill.

Enter ITANOKO.

ITAN.

Ferdinand has eſcaped me.—(*Seeing the monk, goes round him, examining his garments, and laughs.*)

MONK.

What provokes your mirth, ſon?

ITAN.

Son! Ha! ha! ha!—that's more laughable than your appearance. Your ſon! Ha! ha! ha!—If my father had been of your form and bulk, the wolves and tigers of his native woods would have ſlept in his path.

MONK.

Oh! you are an Indian?

ITAN.

I am.

DIEGO.

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MONK.

Oh! you are an Indian?

ITAN.

I am.

MONK.

My bulk was not acquired in a foreſt, nor accumulated to hunt wolves and tigers.

ITAN. (*running to Michael.*)

Of what tribe is this man?

MICH.

He is a monk: one who can never know the endearments of a wife and her ſmiling infants.

ITAN.

I pity him from my heart.

MICH.

It is a pitiable caſe: yet the monk glories in it:

ITAN.

You mock me now, Michael!

MICH.

No; I ſpeak the truth.—Come, friar, to the buttery! to the buttery! [*Exeunt* MICHAEL *and* MONK.

ITAN.

The people of this country ſeem to contend who ſhall be the moſt unreaſonable. What perplexes me moſt is, to diſcover how their books came to be written. Ah! if men in this country were as good as their books, I could ſtay here for ever.

Enter SAVOYARDS *with muſic.*

1*ſt* SAV.

Shall we play to you, ſir? (*curtſeying.*)

ITAN.

Will you?

1*ſt* SAV.

If you pleaſe, ſir (*curtſeying.*)

ITAN.

You are very handſome.

1*ſt* SAV.

Oh la, ſir! *(curtſeying.)* This is a pretty ring, ſir (*taking his hand and pointing to it*).

ITAN.

It will look more beautiful on your finger (*puts it on, and ſhe curtſies*). You are very lovely (*ſnatching her in his arms, and kiſſing her*). You permit me to kiſs you! (*with extreme ſurpriſe.*)

1*ſt* SAV.

To be ſure, ſir (*curtſies*).

ITAN.

And you?—(*to the* 2*d Savoyard.*)

2*d* SAV.

If you pleaſe, ſir (*curtſeying, and he kiſſes her*).

ITAN.

What, all of you!

SAVOYARDS.

If you pleaſe, ſir (*curtſey, and he kiſſes them*).

ITAN.

After all, Michael, I ſee, is right. Europe is a delightful country!

1*ſt* SAV.

Shall we ſing to you, ſir?

ITAN.

Pray do.

AIR.—SAVOYARDS.

When Laura's eyes and Carlo's meet,
Their moiſten'd lips are ſure to greet;
But his with burning kiſſes dry,
To wine, with inſtinct, ſwiftly fly;
Till moiſt again, they ſoon return,
Again to kiſs! again to burn!

2*d* SAV.

Now, ſir, I hope you will give us ſomething.

ITAN.

Something! What?

1ſt SAV.

A little money, ſir.

ITAN.

Money! money!—are kiſſes bartered for money? ſmiles for money? and ſympathy and love for money?

SAVOYARDS.

Every thing—every thing.

ITAN. (*in a reverie; the* SAVOYARDS *regarding him with ſurpriſe, and making ſignificant ſigns to each other.*)

Money! The European ſhould have no other word in his language beſide money!—What do you want? Money!—and you? Money!—What do you deſtroy your health for? Money!—You your peace of mind? money!—Every thing is done for money! every thing exchanged for money!—And why for money? What is money to do?—To purchaſe happineſs.—Fools! is it not a ſhorter way to be happy without it?

SAVOYARDS.

Come away, come away, he's mad! he's mad!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter JEW-PEDLAR *with* ALGUAZILS.

JEW.

Dat iſh de man dat ſtole my goods.

ALG.

I know him very well.—Come, ſir, you're an old offender. I have known your face any time theſe ten years. Seize him. (*Alguazils advance.*)

ITAN.

What do you mean?

ALG.

Only to hang you; that's all. Seize him!

ITAN.

Hear me! *(Officers advance.)* Stand off, and liſten to me!—I came from a great foreſt, where the people are ignorant. I do not know your laws. But I was born good; and never do a wilful wrong!

JEW.

Ah, dat iſh a good ſtory!—and very new, upon my ſhoul!

ALG.

Lay hold of him! *(They prepare to ſeize him).*

ITAN.

Stand off! If any man advances, I will lay him dead at my feet.

Enter MICHAEL.

MICH.

What's this? my pupil at loggerheads with juſtice!—*(To the alguazil)* Do you know, Mr. Officer, he is my maſter's nephew?

ALG.

And who is your maſter, friend?

MICH.

Diego, the rich merchant, who has acquired money enough in America to buy a province in Spain. *(Gives money to the alguazil.)*

ALG.

This alters the caſe. I ſaid the youth had ſomething very innocent and ſweet in his looks. Didn't I gentlemen? *(to the officers.)*

OFFICERS.

You did, you did. We all ſaid ſo.

ALG.

Follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt alguazils, bowing reſpectfully to* ITANOKO.

JEW.

My goods! my ring!—Who vill pay me for my goods?

MICH.

What is the matter?

JEW.

He take a ring from me dat coſt me more as forty dollars, but I aſk only thirty.

MICH.

Come with me. You ſhall have them.

JEW.

I am ſatisfied. But perhaps de ſavage is not ſatisfied. He gave me thirty blows; and I vill repay him if he pleaſh.

ITAN.

I never wiſh to have my gifts returned.

MICH.

Come, come along, Jew.

[*Exeunt* MICHAEL *and* JEW.

ITAN.

So! if I had not been my uncle's nephew, I ſhould have been hanged for miſtaking the Jew's intentions. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Laſt.*—*A Room in* DIEGO'S *Houſe.*

Enter MICHAEL *and* SANCHO *from an inner room.*

MICH.

There are people whom you cannot ſerve.—The prieſt is ready in that room with the lady; but Ferdinand is no where to be found. I'll go and ſeek him once more. Do you keep guard here.

[*Exit* MICHAEL.

Enter ITANOKO.

SAN.

Itanoko! What brought you to this part of the houſe?

ITAN.

I don't know. Where is Violetta? [*Sits down.*

SAN.

Not far diſtant. [*Goes into the inner room.*

ITAN.

Am I in love?—To love ſhould be to be happy—more happy than in hunting or in war!—

Enter SANCHO *and* VIOLETTA *from the inner room.*

But I am wretched.—Ah! what is this? Fear is the vice of civiliſation; and am I ſo contemptible as to be tainted with what is worſt in ſociety, without acquiring the virtues peculiar to it? *(Riſing)* No! no!—There! love is gone; and I am free!—

VIOL.

And, there *(imitating his action)*, you are a ſlave

again!—Ha, ha, ha! my poor Indian ſtruggling in the toils!

ITAN. *(ſorrowfully.)*

Violetta!

VIOL. *(mocking him.)*

Itanoko?

ITAN.

Do you love me?

VIOL.

Ha, ha, ha!—A woman's love in Europe preſuppoſes many things in the object, that you do not poſſeſs.

ITAN.

What are they?

VIOL.

A fine houſe for travellers to look at.

ITAN.

Ha! ha! ha!

VIOL.

Servants to neglect you, and wait on each other.

ITAN.

Ha! ha! ha!

VIOL.

A beautiful carriage to take exerciſe in, when the weather is fine.

ITAN.

Take exerciſe in a carriage!

VIOL.

Yes;—how would you take it?

ITAN.

By uſing my feet; by walking, running, and leaping.

VIOL.

Oh! that's a ſavage method. Civiliſed man is never happy, till he has laid up his feet for life.

ITAN.

Ah! Violetta! this is no anſwer to my question! —Do you love me?

VIOL.

Exerciſe of power is delightful; and I'll prove that I love you, by reſigning it for ever; there!— *(gives her hand)* I am your's.

ITAN.

Ah, happy day, when I left my woods!

SAN.

Huſh! I hear ſomebody on the ſtairs.—Run into that room.

ITAN

Why, Sancho?

SAN.

No questions! You will find one there who will give you a licenſe to be happy in ſpite of your uncle.

[*Exeunt* ITANOKO *and* VIOLETTA.

Enter FERDINAND *and* MICHAEL.

MICH.

Sancho, run, run, and watch Don Diego! [*Exit* SAN.] You'll find Olivia with the priest in that room. In, Sir, in! [*Exit* FERDINAND *to the inner room.*

again!—Ha, ha, ha! my poor Indian ſtruggling in the toils!

ITAN. *(ſorrowfully.)*

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Enter SANCHO.

SAN.

Michael, the hall and ſtair-caſe are filled with officers of juſtice! and I caught a glimpſe of Don Diego and Olivia's father coming this way.

MICH.

Run in there, and give me notice when all is ſafe. Officers! [*Exit* SANCHO *to inner room.*

Enter DIEGO *and* DON PHILIP.

DIEGO.

Fine doings indeed—Olivia and Ferdinand! *(Solemnly)* Michael! are you the honeſt man the upholder repreſented you to be?

MICH. (*bowing.*)

The upholder, Sir, knows me as perfectly as I do myſelf.

DIEGO *(to Don* PHILIP.*)*

There, ſir!—You might have ſaved yourſelf the trouble of bringing alguazils here.—Michael, this gentleman is pleaſed to ſay that his daughter, Olivia, is in my houſe.

MICH.

Lord, ſir!

DIEGO.

A pretty ſtory!—a very likely thing that his daughter ſhould be in my houſe, and I not know it! Open that door, Michael; we will ſatisfy the gentleman by ſhewing him the whole houſe.

MICH.

Open that door!—Oh, certainly, ſir. *(Does not ſtir)*—Pleaſe to follow me *(without ſtirring.)*

DON PHIL.

Lead on, ſir.

MICH.

And yet, ſir, on ſecond thoughts——

DON PHIL.

Sir (*to* DIEGO), if you permit me to enter the room without attendants, it is well; if not, I ſhall call up the officers of juſtice.

MICH.

Officers of juſtice! *(to* DIEGO.*)* If you don't prevent the officers coming up ſtairs, your houſe houſe will be ſcandaliſed for ever.—Conſider the young lady, ſir *(to Don* PHILIP).

DON PHIL.

Don't tell me—I will ſee who is in that room—Come up officers.

MICH.

For ſhame, ſir! have you no bowels for the delicacy of her confuſion.

DIEGO. (*taking Don* PHILIP *aſide.*)

You ſee what fine feelings he has.

DON PHIL.

Don't tell me of his feelings—Officers, I ſay—

MICH.

Hold, hold, ſir—you ſhall be ſatisfied—I fancy I may venture by this time. Sancho! Sancho! (*Enter* SANCHO *from the inner room.*) Is all ſafe?

SAN.

They are coming! they are coming.

MICH.

Enter, ſir, enter as ſoon as you pleaſe.—Now let us make our eſcape till the ſtorm is over.

[*Exeunt* MICHAEL *and* SANCHO.

Enter VIOLETTA *and* ITANOKO.

DIEGO.

What is all this?—Huſſy! huſſy! what have you been doing in that room?

VIOL.

No harm, ſir, I aſſure you.—Four of us met in that room in order to celebrate two weddings; but, do you know, there has been nobody married after all?

DON PHIL.

Tell me, where are Ferdinand and Olivia?

VIOL.

Within, dreading your diſpleaſure.

DIEGO.

Nobody married!—what do you mean?

VIOL.

This, ſir.—Itanoko repreſented the unworthineſs of the trick put upon two fathers,—you ſir, and you ſir, (*curtſeying to* DON PHILIP *and* DIEGO,) in ſuch ſtrong terms, that this gentleman's daughter declared ſhe would not marry without his conſent.

DON PHIL.

Indeed!

VIOL.

And when I, having no father nor mother, expected to be married——

DIEGO.

You! to whom?

VIOL.

To Itanoko—(*curtseying*); but he said—"My uncle is my nearest relation and only benefactor; let us ask his consent."

DIEGO.

Did he?—Sweet boy! Excellent boy!

DON PHIL.

Admirable youth!—You have done a noble act!

ITAN.

You did not expect me to do an unworthy act?

DON PHIL.

Sir; I am eager to be allied to such worth; and give my consent to my daughter Olivia's marriage with your cousin.

ITAN.

Ah, sir! how much I thank you.

DIEGO. (*taking Violetta's hand, and giving it to Itanoko.*)

And I give Violetta to you with my blessing.

ITAN.

Ah! happy day!—And now, if I have offended in any manner, pardon me:—I am ignorant of your laws, but, believe me, the most painful thing to my nature is to give offence.

THE END.

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